

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 49.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1862.

WHOLE NO. 725.

PEROUROU,

OR THE BELLOW'S MENDER.

[Translated from the French for the New-York Weekly Museum.]

[Continued from our last.]

THIS last letter agitated me exceedingly. One minute I resolved to pursue Aurora, and oblige her to be obedient to a man whom destiny had made her husband. Presently, however, I felt an unconquerable repugnance to persecute a woman whom I tenderly loved. Besides, this project was impracticable, she having been gone several hours; so that whether I sent to get horses at Montelimart, or undertook the journey on foot, too much time would be lost to have the least probable hope of overtaking her. I had, therefore, nothing more left to do than to quit a place forever which could only torture my mind with all the bitterness of recollection. I had money enough to reach Lyons; and before my setting out I asked the curate and his niece separately if they knew any thing of my wife's elopement. I implored and threatened them, and altho' they were, as I afterwards learnt, the first contrivers of this plot, I could extort no confession from them. No sooner had I reached Lyons than I found new obstacles in my way. Where was I to begin my search? How was I, in a city of such immense population, to discover the asylum in which Aurora had concealed herself! How could I presume to address myself to her father, while yet in the first transports of his rage and just indignation against the criminal seducer of his daughter? How was I to run from one convent to another without exciting suspicion from the nature of my questions, and exposing myself to imprisonment for having been an accomplice in so base an action? To get rid of these perplexities, I had recourse to my old friends the engravers, who advised me to be quiet, and wait patiently until the law process for annulling my marriage became the general subject of conversation in Lyons. I agreed to follow their advice, and began seriously to think of some means of augmenting my estate, too well convinced that all my hopes of recovering the heart of my wife would depend upon success in this alone.

After disposing of all my property for which I had no immediate use, I was master of ten thousand crowns. It was announced that we were going to have a war with some of the principal powers of Europe. In consequence of this, with the assistance of my friends, I made a bold speculation, the failure of which would involve me in poverty and wretchedness; but, if successful, would increase my wealth fourfold. While my commercial concerns were going on with the greatest secrecy, my history became the subject of public conversation. From her reclusive situation in the monastery Aurora indignantly exclaimed against me and my friends. The want of address in attacking the engravers, by not putting the laughers on her side, was to me a great advantage, because their own interests obliged them to undertake my defence. Aurora insisted that our marriage should be set aside. The Abbess of the convent to which she had retired, respectable alike for her birth and goodness of heart, did ev-

ery thing in her power to favor my wife's resolution. Added to this, Aurora's father had his protectors and friends, and we seemed to be menaced with defeat on every side, the scandal of which would indeed fall upon the engravers, but the most fatal and destructive consequences on myself alone. In the mean time they aimed themselves with obliterating Aurora's pride becoming its own punishment, by the noise and talk the affair made. But all their merriment did not soften the rigid process of law. An order was issued for my arrest, and its execution was prevented solely by my concealment. The case was called before the court for a hearing.

Aurora had requested a guard to attend her to the tribunal where our marriage was to be declared either null or valid. There she made her appearance in all her lustre of beauty, which a natural modesty made still more charming. Scarcely ever did a law-suit attract more auditors. Her lawyer plead her cause with such a flow of eloquence that he was several times interrupted by the tears and emotions of the audience. The feelings of the judges were such, that it appeared their sympathy would evidently influence their sentence; when the engraver, who wished to be Aurora's husband, perceiving that no one rose up in my defence, asked permission of the judges to speak in my behalf. Leave was accordingly given him, that it might not be said I was condemned unheard. He told them my whole story in a few words, in which he was lavish in nothing to much as in my praise. He, however, confessed that the circumstances attending my marriage were such as might justify the judges in declaring the marriage void. He then paused for a moment. The most profound silence prevailed in the hall, when addressing himself to Aurora, he said, "Perhaps, madam, nature did not intend you for a bellows mender's wife, but she, nevertheless, obliges you to be the mother of his child! Can you, by insinuating to be set free from your present engagements, proclaim before this honorable court the illegitimacy of your offspring?"—"No, no," exclaimed the trembling Aurora, melting into tears. The spectators, with emotions no less vehement, cried out with one voice, "No, no!"

This exclamation of maternal affection decided the case: the judges declared the marriage valid, because the contract was signed with my real name. They added even, that our conditions in life were not so unequal as to justify a dissolution of the marriage contract. But, in order that the victory of a mere fortune-hunter might not be too mortifying, they prudently declared that my wife was at liberty to remain in the convent which she had chosen for a retreat, from which her husband should have no right to reclaim her, nor prosecute her, under pain of corporal punishment; that the infant should be baptized with my name, but that I should have no authority over it.—Aurora left the court with a show of triumph, followed by the crowd, who were loud in their praises of the sacrifice she had made to prevent her child being exposed to the ridicule of the malignant.—Such was the result of this famous suit. Being obliged to conceal myself among the multitude, I took advantage of my obscurity to sleep about un-

noticed among them, not a soul suspecting that the poor bellows mender, so much talked of, might be a decently dressed man, and of appearance indicating a respectable rank in society. The most ridiculous stories were published about my marriage and my abconding. I was forced to laugh with others, but was mortified to observe that they who most amused themselves at the expense of Aurora were not the most backward in declaiming against what they termed my base conduct. My own opinion, together with the advice of my friends, determined me to quit Lyons, and to deposit my property in a city where my name and history were alike unknown. Paris was the place of my choice. The immense population of that city would better put it in my power to escape observation, and I could employ my capital to more advantage. There your friend, but recently a bellows mender, with one hundred thousand crowns, and the credit of his Lyonesse friends, established a commercial house, which proved fortunate beyond his expectations. For five years I was the favorite of fortune, and my conscience is my witness, that not one of my speculations ever cost me a blush.

I kept up a brisk correspondence with Lyons, and a fortunate event afforded me the opportunity of rendering an essential service to one of the first bankers of that city. His gratitude prompted him to send me a pressing invitation to visit him, as he earnestly wished for my acquaintance. I yielded to his solicitations, as well as to gratify my desire to breathe the same air with my beloved Aurora. I sat out for Lyons with an equipage, domestics, and every thing in the first style of dress and appearance; but for the first time, nothing of all this was borrowed, and the happy effects of my industry promised a continuance of prosperity. My old friends scarcely knew me, so that it was not difficult to escape the observation of more recent acquaintance. Without seeming to have any concern or interest in the matter, I talked of the famous law-suit which five years before had so much interested the whole city, and concluded with asking some general questions about Aurora and her family, as a thing of course, and in which I had no particular concern. I learnt that my wife's father was dead a short time before, and that from considerable losses in business, together with his fondness for public offices, and his expensive education of his daughter, he had left his affairs in such a bad situation that Aurora had scarce any resources left for her maintenance, except a kind of dependence upon the bounty of the mother Abbess, with whom she still continued. I also well knew that besides the general concern for her welfare she had ever inspired me with, her conduct and behavior had been such as to secure her as much esteem and admiration as ever: For every one observed that the bellows mender had not given himself the least trouble to reclaim the right and property in her which had been wrested from him.

[To be concluded in our next.]

REMARK.

Some men are silent for want of matter or assurance; and again some are talkative for want of sense.

ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

MUTUAL love is the fairest and best form of all the social affections implanted in the human breast: This reflection softens humanity and sweetens every human enjoyment. What a charming scene of felicity has the gracious author of our existence drawn for us!—The union of sexes! It gratifies every rational wish, and is the grand cordial of life. It allays distress, mitigates pain, and softens every misery to which humanity is subject.

In love, where happiness is the end, and pleasure the means, much passion cannot be necessary. No thorny path frights the tender traveller; but flowers deck the ground—fragrance breathes in the air, and music enchants in every tree, that adorns the delightful passage to the abode of the happy. Their youth is waited in rapures which it only can tell, and love, only, bellow. There, when the blaze subsides, in the gentle flame, when age has mellowed passion into friendship, the eve of life is past in that sweet satisfaction, which they only can enjoy, who can reflect with pleasure on the past.

Marriage is honorable in all countries. It has been held in great esteem from the beginning of the world among all sorts and sects of people: The Romans did what they could to encourage it; the same did the Jews; and the Lacedæmonians, at their festivals, would not admit of any single men; the married men were excused from going to the wars for the first year after marriage, and in every thing had the advantage of those who were single.

It is an undoubted truth, that marriage is, in itself, an institution extremely desirable; we well know it to have been of divine appointment, to be the first ordinance, and the only foundation of all the tender ties of relation and society. It can certainly never be indifferent;—when happy, it is of all others infinitely the most amiable; full of the sweets of all domestic commerce, constancy, inviolable truth and disinterested counsel, and various other particulars, of which every one has its attendant pleasure; and surely that true friendship, sincere esteem, and real virtue, which exist in the married state, ought ever to be entitled to our highest esteem.

There is one peculiar advantage attending this state of life, namely, that those who have the happiness to be blessed with an amiable partner for life, need not seek for either pleasure or amusement abroad;—the conversation of an agreeable virtuous wife, (and the entertainment of innocent prating children) will always afford a most exquisite satisfaction.

A DREADFUL LOSS.

A Gentle and handsome lady rode through Paddington on horseback with two gentlemen. It was observed that she made a halt, and that one of the gentlemen alighted and searched the road; but in a few moments they all rode away, the lady holding her handkerchief to her mouth. Next morning early, the gentleman and a gentle woman, the lady's maid, were seen searching the road, turning up the dust, and inspecting the mark of every wheel, and every horse's hoof. The people enquired what they had lost, and offered to assist them; but the object of search could not be described, and public curiosity was wonderfully excited, when it was said, the articles lost were such as the poor people would not even pick up, if they saw them, though they were worth ten guineas to the lady by whom they were lost. This excited the curiosity of the people to the highest pitch, and every one was puzzling his head to solve the riddle. The curiosity to know what it was that was lost, of course increased; and the assembled crowd around the searchers increased, all pressing their offers to assist in the search, and making no doubt of success if they but knew what to look for. At last, the lady's maid whispered to a young woman, it was two of her mistress's front teeth, which she set great store by, as they were beautiful, and her mistress saw them drawn from the mouth of a healthy young woman. The false teeth were then whispered from one to another, till the secret was known to the populace, consisting of farmers, servants and laborers from the canal, who laughed so loud, and set up such a shouting, roaring, and bellowing, about the false teeth, that the gentleman and lady's maid walked off unsuccessful with a large mob at their heels. [London pap.]

ANECDOTE.

It was anciently the custom for the men to let their beards grow very long; and on some occasions, they served more uses than one. They were sometimes used as tooth-picks. Admiral Coligny, (says Brantôme), used always to carry his tooth-pick in his mouth or in his beard.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MISS ——— Poplar Grove.

YOUNG MIRA is fair as Spring's early flower,
And LARUA sings sweet as the birds in her bower,
But LYDIA is fairer and sweeter than they,
She looks like the morning and smiles like the day.

In the flower of her age, in the bloom of her youth,
She looks like the goddess of virtue and truth;
In her presence one hour an æra excels,
Amidst courts where ambition with misery dwells.

How sweet is the fragrance of new-springing flowers,
When May and bright morning lead on the gay hours!
But LYDIA is brighter and fairer than they,
She's mild as the morning, and lovely as May.

When larks sing on high, and young lambs bleat around,
How enchanting the scene, how delightful the sound!
But LYDIA far sweeter can talk and can sing
Than the notes of the warblers who welcome the spring.

Sept. 9

F. D. R.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

VERSES.

For the consideration of the LADIES.

STERN cynics no more against our fashionable fair
Shall rant with a brutal pride,
No longer shall they deride their diligence and care,
Or strive their mild virtues to hide.

Since the beautiful belle, as experience will tell,
Thou' graec'd with the charms of a saint,
No longer relies on her sweet sparkling eyes,
But depends on the virtues of paint.

Come no longer then, ye cynical men,
Withhold their just portion of praise;
But admit the fact, whom acquisitions rare
Then fortunes to grandeur will raise.

If the painters in town so wealthy have grown
By means of a lucrative profession,
Much more will the fair, by professional care,
Increase in a regular progression.

That the ladies of old could work and could scold,
They still had no regular calling,
But our ladies have made proper choice of their trade,
Therefore cease all this railing and bawling.

Since each city lass, by consulting her glass,
Can add charms to the model of nature;
By white-wash and paint can truth over the faint,
And increase the sweet bloom of a feature;

Much more will their art glaze over each part,
And adorn an old rattle or chair;
Much more will they exert, by their magical spell,
All who live by professional care.

Once a natural charm each bosom could warm,
And fire the whole soul with sweet rapture,
Now since art bears the sway, pure nature gives way,
And to paint, every heart is a captive.

That the modern belle does in virtue excel,
Is as plain as the wash on her face is,
Since none can prevail against a thick coat of mail,
Nor a cheek which enclos'd in a case is.

Once as it seemed, the face was esteemed
The emblem of grace and perfection;
But now, if we admire the face of the fair,
We are seduced by the paint's sweet attraction.

Let then a love of the arts inspire our hearts
To cherish the fair patrons of science.
Encourage their endeavor lest the ladies should waver,
And on art place no longer reliance.

Then censure no more, ye philosophers four,
But give praise wherever it is wanting;
Since by admiring the face for its bloom and its grace,
You alone flatter their talent at painting.

Your voices high raise to the honor and praise,
Of these daughters of love and the graces,
That to work they incline, you may clearly divine,
Since they now manufacture new faces.

Industry once more shall gladden our shores,
Since the ladies have made their election;
Let us then join heart and hand with the sweet-smiling
band,
And raise each fair art to perfection. E.

MODERN EPICURISM.

WE have often heard of Bonapartian valor, and Bonapartian policy, and Bonapartian liberality, and all that, but the following anecdote, communicated by a French gentleman lately from Paris, will show us that Bonapartian luxury is inferior to nothing since the time of Lucullus himself.

It has long been agreed that the finest trout in the world are to be taken in the Lake of Geneva: but the fish is so delicate that it is impossible to remove them any distance without essential injury. Bonaparte, who had formerly catch them, expressed his regret one day that a Genevan trout could not be had in perfection, that of travelling more than three hundred miles; a thing, in the present state of affairs, not to be thought of. Cambaceres, the Second Consul, and a man of wonderful culinary talents, took upon him to obviate every difficulty, and to ease the longing of his royal master, by furnishing him with trout from the Lake of Geneva in perfection at his own table. Bonaparte smiled at the proposal, and thought of it no more. Cambaceres however set himself to work in earnest to accomplish it. He ordered a regular chain of posts to be established all the way from Paris to Geneva, and at each an excellent cook, with every thing in readiness, to receive the precious morsel, and his part towards it, and send it on. The trout was taken, instantly dressed and clapped over the fire at Geneva—it was hardly warmed when it was taken off the fire and delivered, in a dish prepared for it, to the horseman, who went off with it full speed till he came to the first post; there a French cook received it, placed it, not yet cold, again over the fire and advanced a little further in the process; it was then delivered to a second horseman, who carried it in like manner for the like purpose to a second post, where it underwent a like process in the hands of another excellent French cook, and thus it was continued till it came to Bonaparte's table, perfectly done, and ready for eating. The First Consul limited a second time the counters all cried bravo—and decreed applaus to Cambaceres, who was highly delighted at the success of his contrivance.

WONDERFUL RELIC.

SOME years ago, while yet the darkness of bigotry and superstition prevailed, two men digging a grave in the town of Macon, in Burgundy, perceived a skull which they had thrown out, to make, on which they ran in a great hurry to acquaint the Curé, who, without delay, repaired to the church-yard; where being arrived, and surprised with this prodigy, he cried out aloud, "A miracle!" And, in order to shew the utmost respect to so precious a relic, he ordered the Cross, Holy Water, his Surplice, and Square Cap, to be brought; he caused the bells to ring, and called together the parishioners; he then gave directions for a dish to be brought, in which he put this skull, covered it over with a napkin, and carried it in procession to the church, during which time there were warm debates among the people, each claiming kindred thereto. As soon as they came to the church, and had placed it upon the altar, a mole was observed to run from it. The skull immediately lost its wonderful powers of motion; and with them ceased that exquisite veneration which had attracted the whole community. Disposed of the sacred article the relic was again deposited in the tomb.

ANECDOTE.

MARSHAL TURENNE being at Paris, was one morning leaning from an upper window, and looking down the street very earnestly at some distant object. He had on only his drawers, white flannel waistcoat and a night-cap—one of the servants coming into the room, and taking him for the valet de chambre, named George, went flily up, and fetched the Marshal a violent stroke on the back with the flat of his hand. Turenne started back in a moment, and rubbing the place, which smarted more little, looked the fellow full in the front, who immediately fell on his knees, begged pardon, saying, "Oh, sir, I thought it was George." "Well," said the Marshal, with all the good nature in the world "if it had been George you need not to have struck so hard."

REMARK.

AMONG the Athenians, the politest of the ancient nations, modesty was regarded as the most beautiful ornament of the fair sex. They seldom laid aside their veils, even in the presence of their relations, and the robe flowed gracefully from the neck to the feet. The monstrous doctrine of the Rights of Woman, as understood at present, was then unknown, and could it have been promulgated, would have been spurned, by the ladies of Athens, with becoming indignation.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1802.

The City Clerk reports that forty five persons have died in this city during the week ending on the 12th inst. viz. Dysentery 5, Consumption 4, Hives 1, Thrush 1, L. Jaw 1, Scarlet Fever 1, Whooping Cough 1, Old Age 2, Ch. Bed 1, Chio Cough 1, Relax 6, Worms 1, Teething 1, Malignant Fever 2, Pus 2, Dropsy 3, Palsy 1, Debility 1, Apoplexy 1, Small Pox 1, Dropsy in the head 1, Inflammation in the bowels 2, Typhus Fever 1, and 4 of diseases not mentioned. Of the whole number 9 were adults, 29 children, and 15 undistinguished.

Captain French, of the ship Hiram, arrived here on Saturday from the Isle of May, informs us, that on the 2d inst. in lat. 36, long 72, he picked up Capt. Spaulding and the crew of the ship General Lincoln, of and for Alexandria, lost from the Isle of May. The vessel had sprung a leak, and made water so fast that she could not be kept free. At the time Captain French performed this act of humanity, the General Lincoln was half filled with water, and he believes she must have gone down in a very little while.

The Legislature of Tennessee have passed a law to prevent the practice of DUELING, which subjects the party who attempts to fight, by challenge or otherwise, to a fine of 50 dollars, and 60 days imprisonment, without bail or mainprize; with the forfeiture of the rights of citizenship for and during the space of one year thereafter. The person who bears a challenge to another, is likewise subjected to a fine of 50 dollars and imprisonment for 30 days. He who kills another in a Duel, is held and deemed by this act a MURDERER, and is to suffer death without benefit of clergy.

A melancholy accident happened at Philadelphia between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, on Tuesday morning. Mr Robert Mead carpenter, who had the care of a lumbering ram at the Schuylkill Permanent Bridge, perceiving something went wrong, attempted to go under the machine, but unfortunately the block fell upon his shoulders, and immediately terminated his existence.

The following most melancholy accident took place on Thursday night, the 19th ultimo, at York, in Upper Canada. Two persons, one by the name of Love, and the other named Lores, had agreed to remain in the woods in order to shoot a bear, that had destroyed some hogs in the neighborhood; in the course of the night Love got up, and inadvertently went a small distance without informing his companion who was asleep; but making a rustling among the bushes awoke him. Lores taking it to be the bear, immediately called out to Love that the bear was near; on receiving no answer, and observing his blanket in the same place where he had lain, concluded he was asleep, fired on the supposed bear, and unfortunately shot his friend thro' the head, who immediately expired. It appeared that the above persons had always lived on terms of the greatest intimacy. A jury of inquest was summoned, who returned a verdict of "accidental death."

SAG-HARBOR, (L. I.) Sept. 4.

On Wednesday evening last, a tremendous gulf of wind, accompanied by rain and lightning, visited this and most of the neighboring towns. Symptoms of a shower appeared early in the evening; which gradually increased till about ten o'clock, when the wind sprang up violently at W. S. W. and for about half an hour blew a perfect hurricane. The constant blaze of lightning, by which might be perceived branches of trees, &c. flying through the air in all directions, the roaring of the wind, and the frequent peals of thunder, formed a most terrific scene. Some of the oldest inhabitants of the county affirm, that they have never witnessed a tornado of such violence in this part of the country. Considerable damage has been suffered from the violence of the wind. A large new frame of a dwelling house on Hog-Neck, belonging to Mr Paine, merchant, of this port, was levelled to the ground, to his damage, it is said, 4 or 500 dollars; a part of the rope walk belonging to S. L'Honnemette, Esq. was demolished, and the whole started from its foundations. One of the wind mills standing on the beach, and a blacksmith's shop were torn to pieces. A number of vessels were driven ashore, but received no considerable damage. We hear that in other parts of the country a number of buildings were unmoored, and otherwise shattered; trees that had stood 40 or 50 years torn from the earth, and fences, tracks, &c. scattered over the fields.

INUNDATION.

MADRID, MAY 10.

The following is the extract of a letter written from the city of Lorca, by one of its inhabitants, to his friend in this city, in which he gives an account of the dreadful accident which befel that city from the breaking of a bank or mound, which was constructed a few years ago to contain the rain water for the purpose of watering the fields in the neighborhood of that city. The number drowned by this misfortune amounted to 6000.

"I made known to you, Sir, that on the 1st day of April, (which will be memorable for ages to come) at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, a youth ran into my house and gave me the lamentable information that the bank had given way; he accompanied these expressions with so many tears and such sobbings, that he could scarcely articulate, or I understand him. On receiving this fatal notice, I ran with great precipitation into the street, where I found a general commotion among the people, who were leaving their dwellings to put themselves in a place of safety. I returned to my house, and by my cries collected my wife, children and family; they saw my trouble; we all ran precipitately to Calvario, to escape the great danger which threatened. We there found a considerable number of people filled with trouble and dread, calling upon God, and begging for mercy with loud cries and lamentations. I then saw vast quantities of water descending from the hills, which directed itself with the greatest fury towards the town. I left my family at Calvario, and went to the street. De la Cava, from whence I saw the water breaking down the convent of Mercy; arrived at the gate of Bordaia, the market no longer appeared; I passed to the House de Miralles; they there told me that houses, families and every thing else had been swept away from the Bordaia to the Quarter, on both sides. The water covered the hills and carried away the whole population on the right of the fountain. Our Comendador was in the palace directing assistance to be given; he was soon surrounded by many people; the general was beat, and every thing was done for the tranquility of the people. At this time news was received that at the mill of Buena Vista they found the Lord Counsellor, who had been drowned; immediate orders were given to the people to bring his body; at twelve o'clock at night it was brought to Castillo. I repaired to the gate of St. Clara, I there saw the corpse of the convent of Mercy was threatened with ruin. I repaired to the gate of Don John Anonio. A squetique, while at this season his wife and family resided, they had fled on horses. Most of the committed to collect the dead bodies in the Ovals.

"At break of day the following morning, we heard nothing but lamentations; some looking for their parents, others for their children; women seeking for their husbands, and all trying to unite their families. At the Gate called St. Gines we can no longer see the fountains where the houses stood; every thing is desolation from the Convent of Mercy to the Hospital of Women; the houses carried away from the barrier alone are reckoned at 400, and what are left are greatly injured, as the water was in all the second stories. The sacred vessels of the Convent of Mercy were found at two leagues distance; the church of San Christoval is not much injured though the water was up to the corners; San Diego is abandoned, and the fountains removed; the same is the case with La Merced, because mud and trash are left in them two yards deep. Every thing is taken from the tower of La Merced, as it threatened to fall to ruin. Trenches are dug without the town, where they are going to bury the dead without distinction of persons, and where they are now collecting them in carriages. All the fields and gardens, from the Garden de Graces to the road that passes this, have been a river. No habitations are left; people, animals, olive trees, gardens, all have perished. It is fortunate the whole city did not suffer the same fate; this would have been the case if the bank had not given way where it did, and the water had taken a direction to the left of San Diego. The Lord Counsellor might have been saved, but he confided in his mules, and perished with them and his coachman. The rivulets and groves are full of timber and furniture. At present I can send you no further particulars, but will venture to say, that the damage will be much greater when the waters have passed so leagues, which is the distance to the sea, and when they have encountered Murcia, Oriuela, and other places in their way."

[Lorca is a large city of Spain in the kingdom of Murcia, situated on the river Gaudalquivir, 20 miles from Carthage. Its inhabitants are what are called New Christians, being descendants of the converted Moors.]

COURT OF HYMN.

NO jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blighted be their wedded days with strife;
Each season look delightful as the past,
To the fond husband and the faithful wife.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, July 21st, at New-Orleans, THEOPHILUS ELMER, M. D. of New Jersey, to Miss CONSTANCE LEONARD, of lower Louisiana.

On Tuesday the 21st ult. at Charleston, Mr GEORGE HAMILTON, of this city, to Miss MARGARET FERGUSON, of Wilmington, N. C.

At the Friends' Meeting House, West Chester, JONATHAN HALLOCK, to MERCIA QUINBY, both of that place.

At Albany, PETER EDMUND ELMENDORF, Esquire, to Miss ELIZABETH VAN RENSSLAER, daughter of Mr Kiliaan Van Rensselaer, of Claverack.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr Rodgers, Mr GEORGE DUNCAN, merchant, to Miss CATHARINA WETMORE, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev Bishop Moore, Mr JACOB T. WALDEN, merchant, to Miss MARIA PELL, daughter of Mr Benjamin Pell.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr Rodgers, Mr JOHN CAMERON, jun. to Miss JANET M'PHERSON, both of this city.

On Sunday morning, at New-Rochelle, by the Rev. Mr Rogers, Mr DOMINIC MARRINGTON, of London, to Miss MARY MINNELL, daughter of Mr John Minnall.

Same day, after living upwards of twenty years a widower, by the Rev. Mr Cooper, Mr JOHN SMITH, to Miss CATHARINA MELLOWS, both of English Neighborhood.

On Tuesday, at Greenwich, (Conn) Mr EDWARD REID, of the house of M'Cready and Reid, of this city, merchants, to Miss JANE HENDRICK, of Greenwich.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev Bishop Moore, Mr JOHN F. GIBNEY, merchant, of Norfolk, to Miss COCUMAW, of the Island of St. Martins.

MORTALITY.

ON what a fine attenuated thread
Hang most important all-concerning things!
This moment here, the least among the dead!
Disease and death have twice ten thousand springs.

DIED.

On Saturday last, at Claverack, Major General ROBERT VAN RENSSLAER.

At Philadelphia, DR EWING, late Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in that city.

In Silesia, Mrs MARIANNE STANZY, aged 125. In 1711 she married a farmer, who died in 1766: From this union she had eight children, they produced sixty-eight grand children; these fifty three great-grand children; and these last, two of the fourth generation. She retained her hearing and sight to the last, was never ill in the course of her life, and expired like a flame which had no more aliment to support it.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

From December 9, 1800, to December 15, 1801, there were christened in the metropolis of Great Britain, males, 9400--females, 8414--in all, 17814; buried, males, 9661, females, 6713, in all, 16374.

The celebrated Dr. Gullotin, the inventor of the terrible instrument that bore his name, is said to have been one of the first victims of his own contrivance. This is not true; the Doctor, who is a man of very mild and pleasant manners, resides at present at No. 116, in the Rue Neuve Roch, at Paris, and enjoys a very considerable practice and reputation as a Physician. [Monthly Magazine.]

A prodigious number of wolves have lately ravaged the Cantons of the department of Landes, in France. In one Commune alone that of Sibles, these animals, in the course of four months, have broke into forty-seven packs of sheep-folds, and devoured upwards of five hundred sheep and lambs. They have also devoured in the fields, thirteen young foals, of a month and a month and a half old. They commit their depredations, frequently, in troops of four and five each, [London paper.]

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONG.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

YOU ask me, dear Nancy, what makes me presume
That you cherish a secret affection for me?
When we see the flow'rs bud, don't we look for the bloom?
Then, sweet maid, attend, while I answer to thee.
When we young men with palm-trees the twilight beguile,
I watch your plump cheek fill it dimples with joy;
And observe that whenever occasions the smile,
You give me a glance, but provokingly coy.
Last month, when wild strawberries pluck'd in the grove,
Like beads on the tall treed grass you had strung;
You gave me the choicest; I hop'd 'twas for love;
And I told you my hopes while the nightingale sung.
Remember the vipers--'twas close at your feet,
How you fluted, and threw yourself into my arms;
Not a strawberry there was so ripe nor so sweet
As the lips which I kiss'd to subdue your alarms.
As I pull'd down the cluster of nuts for my fair,
What a blow I receiv'd from a strong bending bough;
Though Lody and other gay lasses were there,
Not one of them show'd such compassion as you.
And is it compassion?--Ah! yes it was more!
A tell-tale betrays you--that blush on your cheek,
Then come, dearest maid, all your trifling give o'er,
And whisper what candor will teach you to speak.
Can you stain my fair honor with one broken vow?
Can you say that I ever occasion'd a pain?
On truth's honest base let your tenderness grow
I vow to be faithful, again and again.

STRANGE FEELINGS.

NEAR yonder cot upon the Moor,
Whose gray smoke winds in many a curl--
I met this morn a lovely girl,
Knitting beside the cottage door.
With many a modish damsel oft,
I've squander'd foolishly my time,
Play'd with their hands and cheeks so soft,
Or hush'd them up in many a rhyme.
But when I turn'd to go away,
My bosom felt no tickling pain,
And scarcely did I hear them say,
I'd thank you Sir, to call again.
But when I saw this lass so fair,
Her floating eye so blue and round,
Its lustre I could no more bear,
But bath'd my look'd upon the ground.
My jealous pride then took alarm,
Face her, it whisper'd o'er and o'er;
Look up, she cannot do thee harm,
Didst thou ne'er see a girl before.
Rous'd from the dream, I rais'd my hat,
And thought some civil thing to say;
I look'd--my heart went pit-a-pat,
And glad was I to get away.
Yet tho' I hurried from her sight,
Roam where'er my footsteps will,
That full-blue eye, that face so bright,
Will haunt me like a spectre still.

ANECDOTES.

AN officer in the West-Indies, having formed a tender connection here, and not wishing to return to his family, has lately written home to his wife at Kilkenny, that he died LAST YEAR of the yellow fever, and therefore hopes she will not expect his RETURN!

A SOLDIER of the garrison of Weissenburg, in the department of the lower Rhine, voting on the question whether Bonaparte should be Consul for life! inscribed upon the register, "he ought to be Consul for life, and for fifty years after his death!"

Bills of Lading, &c.

For sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

MORALIST.

TO bid farewell to all below the sun--to dissolve connection with all that now gives pleasure or pain--to launch away to a world unknown, are ideas included in the dissolution of that mysterious tie, which unites the immortal tenant to a house of clay. What scenes of wonder and amazement will unfold, when once the curtain drops, is known only to those who have made the experiment. Depending, in our present state, on bodily organs, for the exercise of all our mental powers, we are incapable of forming any idea of the mode of the existence of disembodied spirits. This is a secret, which, for wise ends, the Divine Author of our being sees fit to conceal from the ken of mortals.

Leaving curious speculations concerning the materiality or the immateriality of the soul, to be debated in schools of philosophy, let us attend to those reflections, which the certain prospect of a dying hour is calculated to inspire.

Mult! we shortly close our eyes on all terrestrial scenes? Why then should we distract our minds with anxiety in the various pursuits of life? Why toil to heap up treasures we are soon to leave? Why harbor envy in our breasts at those who are high in the lap of fortune; when we know that a few revolving suns will bring the period, when Death shall demolish all distinctions but those of virtue and vice? Why cherish resentment, even against our most inveterate enemies? A few moments, and the lamp is extinguished, and with it both their love and their hatred. Why value ourselves on the advantages of birth, the attainments of learning, or the blandishments of beauty? The grave knows none of these.---The rich and the poor, the prince and the cottager, the learned and illiterate, here mingle in one common mass; and beauty, though once a rival of Venus, is here a repast for worms.---One consideration more applies itself with peculiar force, because it involves eternal consequences.---Do we believe that we are beings designed for an endless existence, and that this life is a state of probation? Shall we then suffer the objects of a day to engross our whole attention? Shall we spend our lives in pursuit of a bubble, while we acknowledge, that, short as is the race of life, we run for an eternal prize? Forbid it Heaven! Nor let it ever be said that rational beings act a part so absurd.

[Middlebury Mercury.]

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Just published, and to be had at Fenelon's Head, No. 1 of the City Hotel, Broadway, a SUPPLEMENT to the CATALOGUE of H. CARPENTIER's general and increasing Circulating Library, part III, containing a selection from his last importations of the latest and most approved books in all ARTS and SCIENCES, being a continuation of the original collection, the first catalogue of which was published in the year 1799, to be had also at said Library to make the present complete 28th August.

JOHN HARRISON.

No. 3 Peck-Slip, at York's Head,

HAS FOR SALE,

Books and Stationary

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Roman-ces, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS of all kinds, CHILDREN'S BOOKS, &c.

TICE'S

Much improved and celebrated Water Proof SHINING LIQUID BLACKING,

For Boots and Shoes, and all Leather that requires to be kept black; is the best preservative and the greatest beautifier of Leather ever offered to the public. It never corrodes nor cracks the Leather, but renders it soft and smooth, and never soils. Black Morocco that has lost its lustre, is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. For sale, wholesale and retail, (at the prices of the manufacturer, who has removed to Virginia) in bottles, with printed directions for use, with J. Tice's signature, as none else are genuine, by G. CAMP, No. 143 Pearl-Street, June 13

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN.

Particularly Pimples, Blisters, Tetters, Ringworms, Tens, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose, Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurfy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. July 24

For the Use the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE.

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81

William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Aftic Balm for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handfome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise Shell and Ivory Combs, Swan-down and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. June 26 1830

ACADEMY.

The subscriber, fully sensible of the favor hitherto shewn him by his employers, which demands his grateful acknowledgments and thanks, wishes to inform them and the public in general, that his Academy at No. 1 Fishers-street will still be continued upon the usual plan, under his superintendency. And that he has taken into company Mr Aaron Gardner, a young gentleman educated at Providence College, whose morals and literary qualifications, from experience, appear every way adequate; and purpose opening an Academy at No. 260 William-street, a few doors from Pearl-street, on the first day of September next, for the purpose of teaching the various branches of English Literature, and the Latin and Greek Languages.

The Subscriber also wishes to inform that he teaches the Art of Penmanship upon a late systemized plan, whereby any person may acquire the art of writing a complete hand, large and small, in three months practice. The strictest attention will be paid to the morals and civil deportment of the pupils, avoiding those awkward and drawing habits too often indulged in common schools, and hope by assiduous endeavors to render general satisfaction.

The subscriber having been employed in the business of teaching for upwards of twelve years with unabated success, flatters himself that he will still merit a degree of public patronage. The prices for tuition are as follows, viz.

Per quarter for spelling and reading, 3 dollars; writing 4 do. arithmetic, English grammar and art of speaking 5 do. Book keeping, surveying, navigation, geography, geometry and trigonometry 8 do. Latin and Greek languages 10 do. W. D. LEZELL.

NB. Evening Tuition will commence at the above-mentioned Academies, on the 1st of October. Aug. 21.

BOARDING.

MRS. BLAIR has taken the house No 51, corner of Cortlandt and Greenwich Streets, (late occupied by Mrs. Brasher,) where several Gentlemen can be accommodated by the year, or less time. May 1st

Printed & Published by JOHN HARRISON,

No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Price---One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.

PAID IN ADVANCE.